

# THE LEISURE HOUR

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ON THE TOP OF THE JOHN CROW MOUNTAIN.

"In countless numbers, and in every stage of decay, trees, trees, trees were before our astonished eyes—a huge hecatomb of vegetation offered on the altar of Time."

## THE CAPTAIN'S STORY:

OR, ADVENTURES IN JAMAICA THIRTY YEARS AGO.  
CHAPTER XVI.—ASCENT OF THE JOHN CROW.

A RUDE shake dispelled my slumbers, and no wonder, seeing that it was caused by Harry's broad back. In crawling underneath my hammock to get into the open air, he had misjudged his distance, had brushed  
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(he said lightly) against my hammock, and had as nearly as possible chucked me out of it. "Hullo!" I called out, "what's that?"

"Only me," said Harry, resuming a perpendicular position; "come, you lazy fellow, show a leg, rouse up."

I rubbed my eyes, and looked forth. It was daylight; positively the night had passed. Why,

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I thought I had only just stretched my weary legs in my hammock.

Up I jumped, and out I went to get a whiff of the fresh morning air, and it really was quite fresh; the sun had not yet risen, the heavy dew still dripped from the tall trees, and filled the deep cup-shaped leaves as they hung drooping and weighed down by the heavy moisture.

"Coolish up here, Brook, isn't it?" said Mat Rington; (we had all, by mutual consent, dropped *Mistering* each other: companionship in "the bush" makes such formality absurd); "rather different from the air below, eh?"

"It is indeed," I said; "it feels quite cold and damp. I confess I prefer the air below—in the morning, that is."

"Oh, we'll soon circulate your blood for you," laughed he. "Is that coffee ready, Joe?" he called out.

"Nim," shouted Jasper, "where are my boots?"

"Archie," roared out Harry, "Archie, what have you done with my gun?"

"Hullo, Cupid, what now?" I said, as that smiling youth appeared with an immense plantain leaf full of water, carefully balanced in both hands.

"Dis bassen water for massa face," he grinned out.

"A capital idea," said Mat. "Hullo, you Joe, bring me a leaf of water for my face too."

Nim and Archie received the same orders, which, by pouring the contents of many leaves into one, were soon executed.

We plunged our faces into the cool water. "Ah, how refreshing!" I cried; "I never thought to wash my face in dew!—a wonderful country this!"

Our primitive toilettes were soon completed, our equally primitive breakfasts soon despatched; our hammocks, blankets, and provisions were rolled and packed on the men's backs, and away we went.

"Well, Brook," said Mat, "how do you feel after yesterday's work?—stiffish?"

"Not a bit: I was very tired last night, I confess, but I am all right again now: I feel up to twice as much work to-day as I did yesterday."

"I am glad to hear that, for you are likely enough to have it," was Mat's laconic rejoinder.

I thought he was only trying to frighten me, and perhaps he was, for the event proved that he was as ignorant as any of us of the work before us.

Our path led over precisely the same description of ground as we had travelled the day before—now winding upwards, now zigzagging downwards, now crossing a swampy bottom, now climbing a rugged ravine; but whatever the nature of the ground, the forest was still around us, we were still in "the bush;" occasionally we came to a more open space, where the trees were "few and far between," and we could look ahead, and whenever we did so look, we saw a still higher ridge than the one we were on, rising up before us. Should we ever reach the top? or, like the baffled surveyor, should we have to return foiled and unsuccessful?

After about six hours' walking, we had reached an open glade of the above description; the maroons halted, and faced about.

"What now?" said Mat: "yam time? Well, as

good a plan as any, I daresay; but we might as well have held on for another hour. Where's the path?"

"Dem no more part—part all gone—part end yar," said the man.

"Path end here! How are we to get through there, I should like to know?" replied Mat, pointing to the dense bush, which rose up almost perpendicularly before us.

"No go dere—no pos'ble—nob'dy nebber go dere, nob'dy nebber go no higher dan yar."

We were all mightily astonished at the man's cool impudence; he had undertaken to guide us to the top of the John Crow, where he professed himself to have been; and now, with the longed-for summit almost in sight, he quietly declares that he can guide us no further.

In vain we in turn reproached, coaxed, threatened, and bribed: the man had but one answer, and, if a true one, an all-sufficient answer; he did not attempt to excuse his own want of honesty, he did not deny that he had broken faith with us; he simply repeated that it was impossible to go any further up the mountain; and he refused to attempt an impossibility. His companion confirmed his statement, and declared his inability to proceed also. A council of war was immediately held.

What was to be done? The answer was immediate and unanimous—"Go on." The idea of turning back was not scouted, because it was never entertained for an instant.

Mat rubbed his hands harder than I had ever seen him rub them before: he jumped up, and called the maroons to him.

"Now, then," he began, "you two fellows may go back to Bath if you like: you are a couple of scoundrels, and it would serve you right to tie you up to that tree, and give you a good flogging for the lies you have told and the bad faith you have kept." The men looked very sheepish, and rather alarmed. "But instead of flogging you—here?" He chuckled them a dollar apiece. "You don't deserve it: I know that any one could have brought us here as well as you; but the fact is, I am so delighted to find that neither you nor any one else ever has been over that ridge (pointing to the height in front of us), that I forgive you all your roguery, and pay you into the bargain: now, go along with you."

The maroons, nothing abashed at the hard words they so richly deserved, grinned joyfully, and with "Tankee, massa—massa berry good—by, massa," took their departure.

"Now, then!" said Mat, "we have no time to lose; we must do without our hammocks and blankets to-night, boys: the men would never get them up there; stow them away in the bush, Joe; strap the provisions on your backs tightly, men; you'll have work enough for your hands, without holding them, I can tell you. There is not a vestige of a path, you see," he said, turning to us; "we must cut one for ourselves: we must go up 'Indian file' fashion, and the leader must clear the way; I will begin, if you like. Here, Joe, give us your cutlass! you (to us) take Nim's and the boys' choppers, they will have enough to do to carry their loads."

We did as we were bid, and we started, Mat lead-

ing, Harry next, I next to him, and Jasper after me; Nim, Joe, and the boys in the rear, each with his load strapped tightly to his back.

I have said that the bush was dense, and the face of the mountain steep; how steep you may imagine, and I can describe, by simply saying that it was just not perpendicular; but the dense and all but impenetrable tropical bush through which we hewed and hacked our way I cannot describe, nor you very well imagine, unless you too have happily once on a time "hacked and hewed" your way through a primeval tropical forest.

It was not only the closeness of the trees, though they grew up thickly around on every side, like blades of grass in number, against which we had to contend; but worse even than these were the creepers—the parasitical plants—the wild vines, in which, as they hung from the trees, and trailed along the ground, the cutlass became constantly entangled, and our feet continually caught.

The leader had by far the hardest work, as he could not advance a step till he had cut down the trees which opposed his passage; we pushed and shoved out of the way the trees so cut, widening the path as we proceeded, for the benefit of the provision carriers in the rear. To give some idea of the steepness of the ascent, and the immense exertion necessary in getting through the bush, I may mention that we all had to hold on with one hand, whilst cutting down or clearing away with the other. This necessity made the work of the leader still more severe; so severe, indeed, that we were obliged to change places with him every forty or fifty yards. We each took, in turn, the post of honour and fatigue; and I confess that, when my turn came, all I had ever gone through, of toil and labour, was child's play in comparison. When I talk of cutting down trees in this wholesale fashion, it must be borne in mind that they were all of the palm tribe, soft and succulent, but also many of them tough and stringy enough. Had they been of hard wood, the "impossible" of the maroons would have been speedily verified.

Thus we worked away, cutting, scrambling, and stumbling up the cliff, and through the bush, till the slanting rays of the sun warned us that it was time to prepare our night's lodgings.

"We cannot be very far from the top, I think," said Mat, "and I had hoped to pitch our tent there to-night; but we must stop here, and get under shelter before sundown. We have neither hammocks nor blankets, remember, and it would never do to pass the night up in these lofty regions, without a roof over us."

"Look here!" said Harry; "here's the very place for a bivouac." He was a little in advance: we joined him. He was standing on a broad shelf which jutted out from the face of the mountain; overhead huge masses of rock rose perpendicularly—not naked, barren, and savage, but crowded with trees and shrubs, whose thick foliage formed a complete canopy above the ledge on which we stood. Here was a house already built to our hand; more especially as we found, upon examination, that the flat ledge extended into the side of the cliff; and by cutting away a few bushes we dis-

covered a natural recess almost deserving the name of "cave."

Here, then, was our bivouac for the night: no need of tent poles or cordage; we were spared all the toil and trouble of building a hut, and we were not sorry for the reprieve, for we were all dead beat, and no wonder.

A fire was lighted on the outward edge of our plateau; and, after discussing our frugal supper, we laid down on the beds of leaves which our men had collected for us, and were soon fast asleep.

We slept soundly and long; the sun was up, and was gilding the tops of the distant trees, when I awoke.

We were soon on our legs again; we would not wait for hot coffee—we were far too eager to be off; so we contented ourselves with a little brandy and water, a few mouthfuls of jerked hog, and a hard biscuit a-piece.

"Now, then," said Mat, catching up a cutlass, "one struggle more and we are up; I feel sure of it."

And he was right. Without knowing it, we had slept within fifteen yards of the top.

By the time we had scrambled up that distance, the ascent ceased; we were on level ground—level but not smooth—indeed, not "ground" at all; we were not, as we afterwards found out, within twelve feet of the ground. And what, then, were we walking over?

Over trees; over the stems, the trunks, the bodies of trees. Mat Rington was leading; all of a sudden he stopped. "Hold hard!" he cried. He looked around him, then flinging his hat into the air, "Hooray!" he shouted, "we are up at last."

It was true enough; we were on the top of the John Crow—of the inaccessible, unsurveyed John Crow.

It was a wonderful place—a wonderful sight. Trees of all sizes and sorts lay prostrate beneath our feet; piled one above the other they lay as they had fallen. Here, there, everywhere—in every conceivable form, in every imaginable variety of inclination, from the perpendicular to the horizontal, in countless numbers, and in every state of vitality and decay, trees—trees—trees were before our astonished eyes.

Years, ages, centuries must have passed since these prostrate giants put forth their first shoots, themselves but saplings, on that mountain ridge.

The hand of man had not planted them, the hand of man had not felled them. The foot of man had never, till now, invaded the deep solitude of this virgin forest. Never before had the eye of man gazed on this vast cemetery of the vegetable kingdom—a huge hecatomb of vegetation, offered up on the altar of Time.

We were standing awe-struck and spell-bound by the extraordinary spectacle before us, when my terrier Tom, uninfluenced by either awe or admiration, but excited probably by the scent of some wild animal, darted suddenly past me, ran along the tree upon which I was standing, leapt lightly upon a neighbouring trunk of much larger dimensions, and instantly disappeared from sight.

Various exclamations were the natural conse-

quence of this most extraordinary gymnastic performance. We advanced quickly to the spot, and the cause of Tom's rapid exit from the outer world was immediately manifest. The tree upon which he had jumped was fully forty feet in circumference: it was completely covered with a profuse growth of mosses of divers sorts and of varied hues; no symptom of decay was there; the mosses and creepers, (for there were creepers also,) were evidently in the rudest health, in the enjoyment of the strongest vitality; but, alas! they embraced a corpse—a skeleton—a pillar of dust—literally a pillar of dust: that huge trunk was a mass of touchwood, and the dog had gone through it, through the very middle of the tree, as he would have gone through a sheet of paper.

I had some difficulty in getting him up, as he had fallen fully twelve feet on to the rocks beneath. I let myself down by some of the sound trees and the tough vines attached to them, and by the help of my friends I succeeded in rescuing the astonished Tom.

His fall had been broken by layers of trees underneath the one through which he had first tumbled, or he must have been killed; for the ground below was nothing but rock—bare rock, honeycombed by the constant, incessant dripping from above, into spikes and pinnacles sharp enough to make it difficult, nay, dangerous, to walk over.

It was thus that we discovered how far above the ground we were walking.

After this warning we proceeded cautiously, probing each tree with a stick before venturing on it. We crossed the ridge upon the prostrate timber, and before long, through an opening in the trees, (for there were many still flourishing around us in full vigour,) a view of the sea burst upon us.

Another shout resounded through the forest.

"Hooray, boys! there's the north side—there's Port Antonio!" cried Mat. "We have crossed the ridge; and now we may either descend to Port Antonio, or go back to Bath the way we came. What do you say?"

I was for going on—I have always an objection to going back the way I came. "I'm for Port Antonio," I cried. Harry seconded my vote; but Jasper doubted the prudence of attempting a way we knew nothing about, especially as we had no provisions left, in case we should have to sleep in the bush. Mat, too, was against us; even he, dauntless explorer though he was, advised our returning to Bath. He knew the dangers of the mountains better than we did, and doubtless he was right; but I have never ceased to regret that we did not go down the north side of the ridge, in spite of the honeycombed rocks and precipices which we were told *might* be between us and Port Antonio.

And so we retraced our steps, and after lingering awhile amongst the mouldering remains of past generations of mighty trees, which used to extend along the whole length of the ridge, we descended to the place where our guides had deserted us.

We were exactly twenty minutes going down: we had been over five hours coming up.

The hammocks and blankets were again strapped on the men's shoulders, and, putting ourselves under the guidance of Joe, who declared that the maroons had brought us a round-about way, "to throw dust in our eyes," and to put money in their own pockets, and that he, Joe, could take us a shorter way back, away we started.

We reached Bath before dark—hot and tired enough, but victorious.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—AN INTERRUPTION.

THESE "sketches" lay no claim to a connected narrative of my life in Jamaica, but are merely descriptive of incidents of (I trust) general interest. Looking back on those days with the sober judgment of maturer years, I do not deny that youthful time and strength might have been more usefully employed than in some of my venturesome exploits. Neither do I linger over scenes and circumstances which, although deeply engraven on my heart and indelibly impressed on my memory, would, I feel, be out of place here. I will, therefore, briefly observe that the result of my constant visits to Running Water was the betrothment of Mary Marsden and myself, and—

"Come, Arthur," cried a voice at the window; "put those things away; Harry and I are tired of waiting. Haven't you finished those 'sketches' yet? Let me see where you have got to?"

For a moment I, like the reader, scarcely knew whether I was in Jamaica or Devonshire.

"Why do you say 'betrothment'?" said the voice, looking over my shoulder; "you know I told you at the time that I liked 'engagement' better."

"My dear Mary," I replied, "'engagement' is such an unpoetical word; and besides that, it has so many different significations. You make an engagement with a man to build you a house, you make an engagement with a woman to wash your clothes at so much per week, you—"

"Nonsense! those are agreements, not engagements," laughed Mary.

"The same thing, my love: a distinction without a difference. Now, in the present instance—"

"You made an engagement with me to come out fishing at five o'clock; it is now ten minutes past," said a gruff voice in my ear, the hand belonging to it taking my papers at the same time from under my very nose, and inclosing them hastily in my portfolio, without any regard to "dog's-ears" and blots, with both of which I subsequently found them disfigured.

At this moment another face appeared at the door; a black face this time, surmounted by innumerable little crisp curls of iron-grey hair. "Massa, I take massa tings to de river, hi! him full of trout, dey leap up 'most into de trees!"

"Well done, old Cupid!" said Harry.

"Oh! Harry, don't call that young man old! I remember him quite a lad, when I used to write myself 'man.'"

"Perhaps you did so before you had any right, Arthur; you were always a very precocious and presuming young man, you know."



"I know nothing of the sort, Mary; but a more forward young wo—"

"Come, come! no quarrelling," said Harry. "Kiss and make friends. I insist upon it."

I couldn't help myself, so I obeyed orders, and out we all sallied towards the river.

And here, dear reader, we must part for a time. Having refreshed our eyes with the cool ripple of a Devonshire stream, we will once again look on the bright and burning glories of the tropics.\*

## MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

### IV.—HENRY HALLAM.

THERE has lately departed from among us, at a ripe old age, one of the distinguished men I have seen and conversed with. The grave has been too recently closed upon his mortal remains to admit of the propriety of painting a full-length picture; but a few characteristic strokes of the pencil may not be unacceptable. Of good family and independent fortune, Henry Hallam received the liberal education of an English gentleman, and was of a disposition to turn it to a liberal use. Cultivating the excellent talent with which he was endowed, and joining diligent research and patient industry to acute discrimination and cool judgment, he devoted himself (instead of indulgence in a life of unprofitable ease) to the critical examination of obscure and complex, but exceedingly important, periods of his country's history.

If he had a bias in favour of particular theories or political opinions, it was honestly sacrificed on the altar of impartiality, and the desire to be fair and just in every statement he sanctioned with his authority. I believe that no historian ever wrote with a more conscientious determination to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. What errors, therefore, there may be detected in his writings, must in candour be attributed to the imperfect information or mistaken judgment, not to the will of the author. My pursuits having thrown me much into intercourse with him, where the appreciation of literary merits and the success of literary hopes depended mainly upon his verdict, it was a great pleasure to witness a man so free from jealousies, so superior to all egotism or ideas of rivalry, so kindly disposed towards candidates; always, without an exception, putting the most favourable construction upon pretensions, bestowing the warmest praise upon desert, and awarding the utmost encouragement to his fellow-labourers in the too often ungrateful field.

Philosophic calm, humane amiability, truth, and a genial sense of pure intellectual enjoyment, were the most obvious elements of his estimable character.

As these sketches may in some measure be considered moral lessons, as far as may be learnt from individual example and traits of social communion,

\* Our readers will be pleased to hear that, after an interval of a few weeks, the Captain will resume his Story, which, apart from adventures such as "fireside travellers" delight in, abounds in most graphic and truthful sketches of West Indian life and scenery.

which give identity to likeness, I will venture to illustrate and conclude this brief notice by the description of a scene which made a very vivid impression upon my mind. His family afflictions have been recorded by the press, and deplored in poetry; but if he felt them as a man, he also bore them like a man and a Christian. He gratefully adored the Providence that gave; he meekly bowed his head to the decree that took away. At his domestic board, where the feast of reason chastened lower appetites and charmed common things into refined gratifications, once, when I was present, there sat on his right hand one of our most eminent judges of the land, who had taken the highest university honours of his day, and on the left a nobleman of distinguished taste as a patron of the arts. On a side-table were placed the precious symbols of like honours and other literary prizes, which had marked the bright career of a beloved offspring—*In memoriam* of all that could cherish a father's joy, and, sadly inverting the order of nature, leave him to mourn the desolation of earthly hopes. Resignation to the will of God had succeeded the poignancy of human grief, and the promise of a hereafter invested the present with a serenity not forbidding attention to those familiar duties and amenities which pertained to the occasion. The conversation, it may be believed, was intellectual, pleasing, and instructive, and so the day was wisely and profitably spent. It was my lot to be conveyed homeward in the carriage of the estimable judge alluded to, who was at the time mourning, as I also was, the loss of his first-born, and who, after a long silence, nearly thus addressed me:—"How touching a lesson of humble submission to the inscrutable dispensations of Providence have we had this day! It is indeed a sin to repine as if parted for ever from our hearts' affections. I ought not to indulge in my sorrowing. Oh, happy is it for those who are crushed into the very depths of human affliction, to feel the Christian's hope of another and a better world! What else could sustain the bereaved fathers whom we sat beside just now?—the one had reached the peerage with an only son, worthy to inherit the noblest title; the other had climbed to the temple of fame, with a progeny all that such a parent could desire; both are alone, no son of theirs succeeding, but both are resigned to the decrees of the Almighty"—Lord Colburne and Henry Hallam.

### DR. MACKAY IN AMERICA.\*

It will probably be very long before America ceases to be called the *NEW WORLD*. Its development is so rapid as to make it ever new. Indeed, in contemplating its perpetual growth and change, we are looking at the working out of the greatest social problem presented to the observation of mankind within the range of authentic history. The very diary of America would be the record of perpetual

\* "Life and Liberty in America; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8." By Charles Mackay, LL.D., F.S.A. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1859.

novelty. Most truly does Dr. Mackay say, in his preface:—

"It is on American soil that the highest destinies of civilization will be wrought out to their conclusions, and the record of what is there doing, however often the story may be told, will be always interesting and novel. Progress crawls in Europe, but gallops in America. The record of European travel may be fresh ten or twenty years after it is written, but that of America becomes obsolete in four or five. It took our England nearly a thousand years, from the days of the Heptarchy to those of William III, to become of as much account in the world as the United States have become in the lifetime of old men who still linger amongst us. Those who bear this fact in mind will not concur in the opinion that books of American travel are likely to lose their interest—even amid the turmoil of European wars, and the complications created by the selfish ambition of rulers, whose pretensions and titles are alike anachronisms in the nineteenth century."

Dr. Mackay's book will be read with pleasure, not only for the sake of his subject, but by reason of the unflinching combination of vivacity and good sense which characterize his volumes from beginning to end. The purpose of this paper is to collect a few of the more salient and interesting passages which they present. The first that struck our attention was the following description of the method adopted in the principal American cities to subdue what in the States is one of the greatest physical calamities—the ravages of fire. "In a lecture," says the writer, "delivered before the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, Dr. Channing explained the fire organization of a city by stating that 'from the central station, at the City Hall, go out wires over the house-tops, visiting every part of the city and returning again. These are the signal circuits, by which the existence of a fire is signalized from any part of the city to the centre. Strung on these circuits, or connected with them, are numerous *signal-boxes*, or *signalizing points*, of which there may be one at the corner of every square. These are cast-iron, cottage-shaped boxes, attached to the sides of the houses, communicating, by means of wires inclosed in a wrought-iron gas-pipe, with the signal circuit overhead. On the door of each signal box the number of the fire district, and also the number of the box or station itself, in its district, are marked; and the place in the neighbourhood where the key-holder may be found is also prominently notified. On opening the door of the signal-box a crank is seen. When this is turned, it communicates to the centre the number of the fire district and of the box, and nothing else. Repeated turns give a repetition of the same signal. By this means any child or ignorant person who can turn a coffee-mill can signalize an alarm from his own neighbourhood with unerring certainty. Connected with the signal circuits at the central office, where they all converge, are a little alarm-bell and a register, which notifies and records the alarm received from the signal-box. The galvanic battery which supplies all the signal circuits is also placed at the central station. If a

fire occurs near signal-box or station 5, in district 3, and the crank of that box is turned, the watchman or operator at the central station will immediately be notified by the little bell, and will read at once on his register the telegraphic characters which signify district 3, station 5. Having traced the alarm of a fire from a signal-box into the central station, the next question is, how shall the alarm be given from that centre to the public? From the central station proceed also several circuits of wires, called alarm circuits, which go to the various fire-bells throughout the city, and which are connected with striking machines similar in character to the striking machinery of a clock, but liberated by telegraph. The operator at the central station is enabled, by the mere touch of his finger upon a key, to throw all the striking machines into simultaneous action, and thus give instantaneous public alarm."

Every reader has become acquainted by description with the Falls of Niagara; and yet no one can read without interest the following observations of Dr. Mackay, which, as if aside and indirectly, convey a most striking impression of this great wonder of the world. Indeed, it will perhaps be generally found that incidental notices give us the most intense conception of whatever is really great. "The ferryman," he says, "stated, as the result of his experience and that of all his predecessors, that the dead bodies washed ashore in the vicinity of the Ferry House were always found in a state of nudity, and that he never heard of an instance in which a corpse had been recovered with the slightest shred or vestige of a garment adhering to it. One tragedy was fresh in his recollection—that of a young man who, about five months before the period of my visit, had called for and drunk off at a draught a bottle of champagne at the Clifton Hotel, then engaged and paid for a carriage to drive him to the Table Rock, and, in sight of the driver and of other people, who never suspected his intent, had proceeded from the carriage to the edge of the Great Fall, coolly walked into deep water, and been washed over the precipice before even a voice could be raised to express the horror of the bystanders. His body was not found until several days afterwards, perfectly nude—Niagara having, according to its wont, stripped him of all his valuables as well as of his life, and cast him upon mother earth as naked as he was at the moment he came into it. Many also, according to the ferryman, were the waifs and strays that fell to his share in his lonely vocation—large fish, drawn into the current and precipitated over the falls, quite dead; aquatic fowl, skimming too near the surface of the rapids in search of prey, and caught by the descending waters; and logs of timber and fragments of canoes and other small craft, which he collected on the shore to make his Christmas fire, and help to keep a merry blaze in the long and severe winters of the climate. Niagara, according to the testimony of all who dwell near it, is never more beautiful than in the cold midwinter, when no tourists visit it, and when the sides of the chasm are corrugated and adorned with pillars and stalactites of silvery frost; and when huge blocks of ice

from Lake Erie, weighing hundreds of tons, are hurled down the rapids and over the falls, as if they were of no greater specific gravity than feathers or human bodies, to reappear half a mile lower down the river, shivered into millions of fragments. It is a tradition of Niagara that, in 1822 or 1823, such a thick wall of ice was formed above Goat Island, that no water flowed past for several hours, and that in the interval the precipice at the Horseshoe Fall was perfectly bare and dry. A picture of the scene, painted at the time, is still in existence."

Dr. Mackay's notice of the Girard College at Philadelphia will be read with an interest dependent no less on the magnificence of the institution, than on the strange and culpable eccentricity of its munificent founder. The following is the author's account of it.

"Girard College is a noble building of white marble—beyond all comparison the finest public monument on the North American continent. It is built on the model of a Grecian temple of the Corinthian order; it is 218 feet long, 160 broad, and 97 high, and closely resembles the beautiful Town-hall of Birmingham; the great difference between the two being the dazzling whiteness and more costly material of the Philadelphian edifice. The grounds of the main building and its four contiguous halls cover forty-five acres. Stephen Girard, the founder, originally a poor French emigrant, came to Philadelphia at ten years of age, without a penny or a friend, and, as a merchant and banker in the city of his adoption, accumulated a fortune of upwards of six millions of dollars, the greater portion of which he bequeathed to the college which bears his name. The college and grounds cost two millions of dollars, or £400,000 sterling, and their endowment about as much more. The institution is for the support and education of orphan boys, such as Girard himself was when he first came to Philadelphia. The peculiarity of the institution is, that no religious doctrine whatever is permitted to be taught within its walls. The Bible, without comment, is read night and morning to the boys; but such a dislike had the founder to priests and clergymen of all denominations, that no minister of religion is permitted even to enter within the walls of the college." The question is put to all visitors whether they are clergymen; and, if the reply be in the affirmative, they are refused admission. Upon these, as well as upon the personal grounds of their own disinheritance, the will was contested by the numerous relations of Girard. The poor boy had no relations and no friends when he came to Philadelphia, but France produced a whole colony of relatives before and after his death. But in all countries rich men have more cousins than they are aware of. After a long course of litigation the sanity of the testator, as well as the morality of the will, was established by the courts, and upwards of three hundred boys are now receiving within the walls of the college a plain education to fit them for the duties of life. In the entrance-hall is a fine marble statue of Stephen Girard, surmounting a sarcophagus containing his remains—for it was another command in

his will that he should not be buried in consecrated ground."

Amidst the advances of that civilization which, to use a well-known satirical expression, has improved the aboriginal tribes out of existence, we are apt to forget that there are now any tribes of North American Indians; Dr. Mackay has, however, reproduced them to our notice, and we extract the following description. A deputation from three of these tribes to the President of the United States, the address of the uncivilized spokesman, and the general result of the interview, are thus described.

"The four chiefs of the Pawnees, one chief of the Poncas, and one of the Pottowattamies, expressed in succession the object of their journey to Washington. The Pawnees had come to ratify a treaty already made with the government, to see their 'Great Father,' to learn from him how to grow rich like white men, and no longer to be 'poor.' The Poncas had come to make a treaty for the sale of their lands in Nebraska, to look with their own eyes upon their 'Great Father,' whom they judged by the splendour around him to be rich, and to be visibly favoured by the 'Great Spirit.' The Pottowattamies had come unbidden to request that an allowance, paid to them semi-annually by treaty, should be paid annually, to save trouble. All the spokesmen dwelt upon their poverty and wretchedness. Some of them held up their arms and exposed their bosoms, to show that they were naked. They wanted to be taught how to be rich; to earn, like the white men, the favour of the Great Spirit, and no longer to be poor. Poverty—extreme poverty—was the key-note of their lamentations, the mournful burden of their whole song. 'We are,' said one of them, looking right into the eye of the President, and approaching so near that his breath must have felt warm on Mr. Buchanan's cheek as he spoke, 'the children of the Great Spirit as much as you are. We have travelled a long distance to see you. At first we travelled slowly. At every place we stopped, we expected to find you. We inquired of the people, and they told us you were a long way off. We have found you at last, and we are glad. We see by these things' (pointing to the gilded walls, to the carpets, and the curtains) 'that you are rich. We were rich in the days that are past. We were once the favourites of the Great Spirit. The very ground on which we now stand' (and the orator, for such he was, stamped significantly with his feet upon the carpet as he spoke) 'once belonged to our fathers. Now we are poor—we are very poor. We have nothing to shelter us from the cold. We are driven from our possessions, and we are hungry. We have come to you to help us. The Great Spirit, through the mouth of the 'Great Father,' will speak to us, and tell us what we are to do. Let us be rich, like the white men, and be poor no longer.'

"Such was their melancholy and invariable supplication. At every repetition of the word 'poor'—when translated in the hardest, coldest, boldest manner by the interpreters—there was a laugh among a portion of the white spectators, who should have known better—a laugh that to me

seemed grievously out of place, and which somewhat perplexed the poor Indians, as was evident by the surprise expressed upon their faces. To them their poverty was no laughing matter. They had come to Washington purposely to speak of it. In their simplicity of heart, they believed that the President had it in his power to remove it, and they had lost faith in their own customs, manners,

private families experience in procuring cooks and housemaids in a country where menial service is considered beneath the dignity of a native-born American, where service is called 'help,' to avoid wounding the susceptibility of free citizens, and left almost exclusively to negroes and the newly-imported Irish, who too commonly, more especially the female portion of them, know nothing what-

ever of any household duties, and whose skill in cookery scarcely extends to the boiling of a potato, the mistresses of families keeping house on their own account lead but an uncomfortable life. In England the newly married couple take a house, furnish it, and live quietly at home. In the cities of America—for the rule does not apply to the rural districts—they too commonly take apartments at the hotel, and live in public, glad to take advantage of the ready means which it affords of escape from the nuisances attendant upon inefficient, incomplete, and insolent service.

The young wife finds herself relieved from the miseries and responsibilities of housekeeping, and has nothing to think of but dress, visiting, reading, and amusement. Brides who begin married life in hotels often continue in them from youth to maturity, without possessing the inestimable advantage and privilege of any more secluded home. To those who know nothing of domestic affairs, and to those who are willing to attend to them, but cannot procure proper 'help' in their household, the hotel system is equally well adapted. It saves trouble, annoyance, and expense—but at what a cost of the domestic amenities! Perhaps not above one-half of the people who daily sit down to dinner in these superb establishments are travellers. The remainder are permanent residents—husbands, wives,

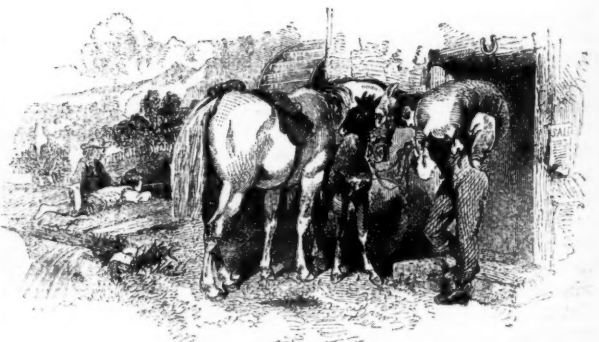


SUGAR AND COTTON AT NEW ORLEANS.

and modes of life, to keep them on a level with the white men; and why should they be laughed at? The President gave them excellent advice. He told them that they always would be poor as long as they subsisted by the chase; that the way to be wealthy was to imitate the industry of the white men—to plough the land, to learn the arts of the blacksmith, the carpenter, the builder, and the miller; and, above all things, to cease their constant wars upon each other. 'I learn,' he added, 'that the Pawnees and Poncas now present are deadly enemies. It is my wish, and that of the Great Spirit who implanted it in my breast, that they should be enemies no more; that, in my presence, they should shake hands in token of peace and friendship.' This was explained to them by the interpreters. The enemies made no sign of assent or dissent, beyond the usual guttural expression of their satisfaction. 'I wish,' said the President, 'to join your hands together, and that the peace between you should be perpetual.' The chiefs of the hostile tribes advanced, and shook hands, first with the President, and then with each other. One man only gave the left hand to his former enemy; but this was explained by the interpreter, who stated that the right hand was withheld by the Pawnee because it had slain the brother of the Ponca; but that the new friendship between the two would be equally as sacred as if the right hand had affirmed it."

One particular phase of the social life of our American brethren is so unlike anything which obtains in our own domestic habits, that it deserves to be noticed, together with the author's reflections upon it. He says:—

"In consequence of the great difficulty which



THE MILL DOOR.

and children. To eat in public now and then may be desirable; but for ladies to take all their meals every day, and all the year round, in the full glare of publicity; to be always full dressed; to associate daily, almost hourly, with strangers from every part of America and of the world; to be, if young



and handsome, the cynosure of all idle and vagrant eyes, either at the *table d'hôte* or in the public drawing-room;—these are certainly not the conditions which to an Englishman's mind are conducive to the true happiness and charm of wedded life. And it is not only the influence of this state of things upon the husband and wife to which an Englishman objects, but its influence upon the young children, who play about the corridors and halls of such mansions, and become prematurely old for want of fresh air and exercise, and over-knowing from the experiences they acquire and the acquaintances they contract. Perhaps 'fast' people may consider such objections to savour of 'old-foggism.' But reasonable people will not. The system is peculiar to America, and, therefore, strikes the attention more forcibly than if it were common to the civilized world.

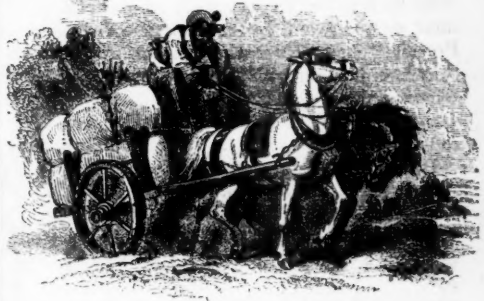


AMONG THE MAIZE, OR INDIAN CORN.

"It is, doubtless, more the misfortune than the fault of American families that they live so much in this style; for, without good servants who know their duty, and are not too supercilious and saucy to perform it, it is impossible for a lady, without shortening her life and making herself worse than a slave, to have a comfortable and happy home, or to govern it with pleasure or advantage either to herself or her family. Recently the New York and Philadelphia newspapers have been filled with the details of two scandalous cases—one ending in a tragedy—of which a New York and a Philadelphia hotel were the scenes, and in both of which the fair fame of ladies was sacrificed. To these painful exposures it is not necessary to make further allusion; but they are so fresh in the public recollection that they cannot be passed over, even in this cursory glance at some of the evils attendant upon the undue publicity of female life in such monster hotels as I have endeavoured to describe."

The views which such a writer as Dr. Mackay would take of the system of American slavery in all its lamentable ramifications, social, moral, and religious, may well be anticipated by the reader, without our entering on that painful subject. In this cursory sketch, therefore, we pass over his journeyings in the southern states, and much else which, if our space admitted, would be alike entertaining and instructive; and when we find the author in Canada, we must leave much of valuable commercial

statistics and social delineation entirely unnoticed. One subject only invites our special notice, alike from its novelty and from the accidental connection



A COTTON CART AND NEGRO DRIVER.

which it bears to our own country, as indicating the filial affection entertained towards the parent State by her Canadian children; we refer to the tubular bridge, named after our queen, which spans the St. Lawrence at Montreal. It will be recollected that our Canadian fellow-subjects requested the honour of her Majesty's presence to inaugurate this magnificent work; and when that was found to be inconsistent with her Majesty's public duties, a similar request was preferred, though alike unsuccessfully, with reference to the Prince of Wales. Of the origin of this magnificent structure Dr. Mackay gives the

following account.

"The idea of bridging the St. Lawrence river at Montreal is of older date than is generally known. The Honorable John Young was perhaps the most zealous and untiring in his endeavours to bring the subject prominently before the world. More than one engineer of eminence in America was referred to and consulted by him, before any steps were taken to bring the subject before the public. Surveys, examinations, and various reports resulted from these—differing, of course, somewhat in their details, but generally recommending timber structures, similar to those invariably resorted to in the United States for bridging the great rivers. Nothing in connection with the tubular bridge had ripened into maturity until the project of the Grand Trunk Railway had been propounded, and urged on by the provincial government in 1852. The Honorable Francis Hincks, (being then Prime Minister and Inspector-General of Canada,) and Mr. Young, (being at the same time a member of his administration,) after several fruitless endeavours to interest the imperial government to aid in furthering their objects, which had in view the accomplishment of an international railway, extending from Halifax to the western extremity of Canada, ultimately resolved to invite private English capitalists to undertake the great work of the Grand Trunk Railway, in so far, at least, as Canada was concerned. For this purpose the province undertook to provide thirty per cent. of the capital re-

quired; and with this impetus the Grand Trunk Railway assumed in due time the proportions of a palpable and beneficial fact.

"In July, 1853, Mr. Stephenson, the engineer, visited Canada, for the purpose of finally fixing the most eligible site, and determining the dimensions and general character of the tubular bridge; and having communicated his ideas to Mr. A. M. Ross, who in accordance with them prepared and arranged all the information required, the result, in a very little time, was the adoption of the structure now far advanced to completion, and which promises to be the greatest triumph of engineering skill of which either the Old World or the New can boast."

Having given so much space to extracts from Dr. Mackay's volumes,\* we refrain from any formal laudatory notice. No recent traveller in America has brought back a report more entertaining and instructive, while readers on both sides the Atlantic will admire the generous spirit in which the work is written.

### LENGTH OF LIFE.

#### SECOND PAPER.

AN interesting paper appeared, towards the close of the last century, on the influence of particular studies on longevity, in which it was stated that all, or many of those who study the more refined arts, particularly music, attain in general to great age. By this is meant, those who are real admirers and artists, from true feelings of its powers to soothe and compose the mind to peace and serenity, and who have distinguished themselves by celebrated works and compositions. As to mere mechanical performers, their lives are too often shortened by dissipation and debauchery. Among the real admirers and composers, remarkable instances are given from several countries of Europe, of which we subjoin a few. Geminiani lived to upwards of 80; so did Tartini; Leveridge, 90; Corelli, 96; Handel, 75; old Cervetto, upwards of 95; Farinelli, 90; Dr. Creighton, 90; Dr. Pepusch, 85; Rosen-grave, 85; old Tallis, 85; several of the Harrington family, 80; the elder Bach, 80; Dr. Boyce, 73. The same observation applies to many mathematicians, as Newton, Flamsteed, Leibnitz, etc.; while those who have pursued studies attended with controversy or disagreeable political contentions, have either died early, or, if old, have impaired their faculties.

Of the trades and other occupations that have a serious influence upon life and health, we have made the following analysis from medical and sanitary treatises. Among the occupations that are carried on out of doors, butchers, cattle and horse-dealers, are generally healthy, if they are temperate. Husbandmen and labourers, when well supplied with nourishment, are strong; but weak and ailing, if otherwise. Brickmakers, though exposed to cold, damps, and wet, generally escape rheumatism, and attain a good old age. Pavians are subject to complaints in the loins, which in-

crease with age; but their days do not seem to be abridged in consequence. Carpenters, coopers, and wheelwrights are healthy and long-lived. Smiths, if temperate, are strong and healthy; if not, they die comparatively young. Chaise-drivers and postilions suffer from want of proper exercise, and from being too much on the saddle; and, like coachmen and guards, they are subject to gastric diseases, palsy, and apoplexy, which shorten their days.

As examples of in-door employments, it is found that curriers are healthy and live long. Printers suffer from too much confinement; but bookbinders escape the ill effects. Clockmakers have good health, and live long; but it is quite the contrary with watchmakers. Tailors are much subject to stomach complaints, and many die of consumption. The health of staymakers is generally impaired, nevertheless they live longer than milliners and dressmakers, who are short-lived. Shoemakers suffer from an impaired circulation and indigestion, and very few live to old age. Colliers and well-sinkers rarely reach 50. Mr. Chadwick says of the Spitalfields weavers, that "their chances of life are among the lowest he has met with;" they have greatly deteriorated in size and appearance during the last thirty years, and are rapidly descending to the size of Lilliputians: bad air, bad lodging, and bad food, are the chief causes of such enfeeblement. Mortality is nowhere higher than among the cotton-spinners; but we have the most satisfactory proofs that the causes of this are separable from the employment. The mortality is severest among a class that have no business in the mills—namely, the infants. More than one half of the children that are born in Manchester die under their sixth year! The working spinners, if they are cleanly and temperate, and have plenty of ventilation in the factories, and food, neatness, and comfort in their houses, are not found to suffer from their labours.

Health is often affected by those employments that produce odours, dust, and gaseous exhalations; but those are not unhealthy that proceed from animal substances. The manufacture of tobacco is not unhealthy, but snuff-making far more seriously affects the health. Men in oil mills are healthy. Brushmakers live to a great age. Grooms and ostlers are healthy and long-lived. Tallow-chandlers reach a considerable age. Tanners are strong, and exempt from consumption. Dyers suffer but little, and have a good length of days. Corn-millers rarely attain old age. Maltsters do not live long. Brewers are unhealthy and short-lived. Coffee-roasters are afflicted with asthma and bad digestion. Masons generally die before forty, dust and drink often shortening their days. Miners die prematurely. Plumbers are sickly and short-lived. Painters are unhealthy, and die prematurely. Colour manufacturers are exposed to injury arising from arsenic and lead. Chemists in laboratories are sickly and consumptive. We forbear enlarging our lists, convinced that the instances adduced are sufficient for our purpose. In connection, however, with this point, we may advantageously refer to Mr. Chadwick's table, and compare its figures with some of these facts.

\* The vignettes on the preceding pages are copies from pictures on American Bank Notes. The originals are engraved by Darley in very superior style.

It remains now for us to say a word or two on the habits of men as affecting their health and life. Habits of mind and habits of body are both found to exercise their influence; we have already mentioned some of the former, and shall here produce only one instance—that of violent and unrestrained passion. The man who indulges in this, harbours within his breast a determined foe to life. "It may safely be doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life." Of the habits that more concern the body, we mention temperance first of all, as the inseparable ally of vigour and life: intemperance their irreconcilable foe. The man whose appetites and propensities are in subjection to reflective wisdom, has life and honour before him: the drunkard, the dissolute man, and the debauchee, are daily consuming the energies of life; the former may attain his fourscore or even fivescore years, while the latter invariably become the premature victims of their lusts, and fall by delirium tremens or some other fatal attack.

Cleanliness is another personal habit that is greatly conducive to health. It used to be said that "cleanliness is next to godliness." The author of the axiom, whoever he was, undoubtedly knew the influence of cleanliness, and how difficult it was to overrate its importance. Many a man is the victim of his own filth: fevers and other epidemics enter his system through these. A clean skin has often saved a man when surrounded by circumstances most perilous to life. Warm and wholesome clothing is necessary to shield the brittle bark of life; lives that might have been long lengthened out, have been early sacrificed to thin and fashionable, or to poor and deficient clothing. Good and regular supplies of food agree well with longevity, as the absence of them causes the system to weaken and decay. Moderate bodily exercise keeps the functions of life active and healthy, and the sleep of the night is as necessary to life as the food and exercise of the day.

Having now gone over the field we marked out for ourselves, we shall conclude this paper by giving a few instances of those prodigies of life, which not only overcame all the obstacles that pave the way to threescore years and ten, but at that very remote goal of life seemed to renew their youth. At the census of 1851, there were living in England, nearly 10,000 persons upwards of ninety years old; 2038 had lived upwards of ninety-five years, and 319 were more than 100 years old. All the nations of the world have their aged pilgrims, whose race on earth terminated at a hundred, or who are still pursuing their pilgrimage after that age. Russia boasts of many such patriarchs still living. Italy, at an early period of Christianity, was particularly noted for longevity. Lord Bacon says that the year 76 A. D. was remarkable for this; that in the parts of Italy between the Apennines and the Po, 120 persons were found whose ages ranged between 100 and 150. In Fuller's "Worthies," we read of a couple living in Staffordshire, James Sands, the husband, being 140, and his wife 120

years old. Margaret Foster, of Cumberland, aged 136, and her daughter, aged 104 years, were both living in 1771. It is said that a negress of South America, Louisa Truxo, was living in October, 1780, at the fabulous age of 175 years! The oft-cited old Parr is thus mentioned in D'Israeli's "Curiosities:" "Thomas Parr was born in the last year of King Edward IV, 1483. He married his first wife, Jane, at eighty years of age, and in above thirty years she brought him but two children, the eldest of which lived not above three years. He married his second wife, Catherine, when he was 120 years old, by whom he had one child. He lived till he had attained to something above 150 years of age. Thomas, Earl of Arundel, caused him to be brought to Westminster, about two months before his death, and there he passed most of his time in sleep. An ocular witness has thus described him:

'From head to heel his body had all over,  
A quickset, thickset, nat'ral hairy cover.'

It is supposed that this removal, by taking him from his native air, and the disturbance of much company, hastened his death. He died November 15th, 1634, and was buried in the Abbey."

An instance of great longevity, of more modern date, we have in the case of the late Mr. Fletcher, the Wesleyan local preacher. "He was born 2nd February, 1749, and from six years of age had been brought up in the tenets of Wesley. He spent eighty-three years of his life in active pursuits. He was twenty-one years a farmer; twenty-six years he served his sovereign in the army, was at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and followed Abercromby into Egypt. He then entered the West India Dock Company's service, where he continued thirty-six years, and then retired on their bounty, still preserving, up to within six months of his decease, that astonishing activity of mind and body for which he was so remarkable; often travelling great distances by rail, in the pursuit of his holy calling, preaching two or three times a day regardless of personal inconvenience, for the objects of Christian benevolence. He died 2nd of February, 1855, aged 108 years."

Of the modern instances of centenarian life in England, it appears that two-thirds are females. This, perhaps, is in harmony with the general proportion of life in the sexes. More males are born in England than females, but the latter live longer, and their expectation of life is greater: this results from the more active and perilous enterprises of men, such as those of the sea and the army, by which the ranks of the men are thinned and their years reduced, while the women are exposed to no such casualties.

Our observations, which we here conclude, evidently yield us these suggestions:—That the secondary and apparent causes of health and longevity are very much under men's own control. He that pursues and obtains Wisdom, finds, now as formerly, length of days in her right hand. For, in the pursuit of wisdom, we are led to avoid courses and habits which necessarily abridge life. "Temperate in all things," too, must be the motto of those who would have a healthy life, and have it long.

But whether shorter or longer, the great thing is to use life well. "Life," says an eloquent American writer, "is probationary, and our only time of probation. All that follows belongs to retribution. Life is preparatory. Here we sow, and only here. Hereafter we reap, and we do nothing but reap. The foundation of judgment is laid altogether here. The present is the only part of duration that is to be specifically accounted for. In the final day of decision, we are informed, we shall receive in retribution according to the deeds 'done in the body.' Though we shall be accountable beings as long as we exist, yet it is this short pre-fatory portion of our accountable existence that is to determine the character of all the rest. The actions of this little limited life are empowered to decide for eternity. This is a consideration of unparalleled power and weight. Let it be contemplated and felt. We are acting for eternity! Ages of retribution answer to this hour of probation. How circumspectly, then, ought we to live. If such be the consequences of life, how frugal ought we to be of its moments. How much more necessary now, than ever they will be hereafter, are anxiety, watchfulness, industry, and self-denial. A little care and effort now, and all will be safe for ever. A little providence and painstaking, and provision is made for immortality."

"Had we this wisdom, should we, often warn'd,  
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,  
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,  
Die self-accused of life run all to waste?"

Sad waste! for which no after-thrift atones.  
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin;  
Dewdrops may deck the turf that hides the bones,  
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within."

### MY FIRST SEA VOYAGE.

I WAS about seventeen years old, and it must have been, therefore, about the summer of 1822, when there appeared in the weekly newspaper published in the town in the West of England in which I then resided, an advertisement, which, from its complete novelty, struck most of us as an extraordinary affair, and occasioned a good deal of speculation and sagacious Lord-Burleigh-like shaking of wise heads. It was an announcement that a certain steam vessel, the name of which I have forgotten, would start from the Custom House Wharf, London, at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrive at Boulogne, in France, in the evening of the same day; returning a few days later, and in equally quick time. Some of us had heard of steam vessels, but had no definite idea what such things were like, and no great faith in their ever proving of any practical use. This advertisement in the "Chronicle" rather startled us, and gave us a fresh topic for gossip; but it did not appear likely that any of our sober townsmen would venture on such a doubtful experiment in navigation, which all seemed unanimous in declaring to be a mere tempting of Providence.

It happened that, with a little spending-money in my pocket, I was just then bound for London on a visit to some relations, with whom it had been agreed that I should spend a few holiday weeks.

While bowling through Marlborough Forest on the top of the "Regulator" coach, I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out a sandwich that my dear mother had thrust into it at parting, when my eye fell once more on the advertisement printed on the paper in which it was wrapped. I read it over again. For a couple of guineas I could see France, could perform a voyage by steam, and snatch an advantage from all my friends and acquaintance, of which they could never deprive me. Suppose I were to drop in on my London relatives from the coast of Gaul, instead of from our quiet town. How they would stare, and what a lion I should become! The boat would start on the morrow, and I should be just in time. All I had to do was to push on for Thames side after alighting at Gerard's Hall, and, sleeping at the nearest hotel, be on board early in the morning. My mind was made up and my plan arranged long before I reached London, and the next morning saw me among the crowd on the bank, watching the steamer, which lay puffing in the river.

There was no landing-stage then at the old Custom House, and we had to be taken on board in wherries, and climbed the sides of the boat as she lay moored in the stream. The operation proved a tedious one, and it was not until St. Paul's clock was striking nine that we loosed from our moorings and began spluttering down the river through the Pool. It may be easily conceived that, to one who had never seen anything afloat larger than a canal barge, this spectacle of the Pool, with its forests of masts, was a world of delightful wonders, and that the huge hulks which lay off Greenwich appeared monsters of superhuman construction. The steamer, though not much more than three hundred tons burden, seemed to me like a floating citadel, and I congratulated myself a thousand times on my enterprise and resolution, which were already so well rewarded.

The river's banks at that time of day presented but a dull and blank-looking aspect; the more populous watering-places were then lone and solitary villages; all you could see of Erith was its ivy-covered church tower; Greenhithe made still less demonstration; Gravesend, a dingy colony of low-roofed houses and long stone hovels, entrenched behind a fortification of dirty boats, lay as if fanned to sleep by the vanes of its windmills; while Tilbury Fort, on the opposite coast, slumberously blinked at it through the haze; and below that, there was nothing to be seen save here and there an isolated powder magazine, and a grey stone wall or two, as the channel widened towards the mouth of the river. But the sun shone gloriously; a gentle breeze from the sea, though it retarded our progress, made it all the more pleasant, and the mirth and gaiety among the passengers, most of whom were holiday-making young men, rendered the voyage delightful.

But all this was destined to be of very short duration. As we drew near the Nore, the sea-breeze freshened, and the vessel began to roll, in a way that sent us staggering against each other, and rendered it impossible to stand without holding fast by rope or bulwark. This was the prelude to something far worse. The idea of sea-



sickness had never entered my head, and now I suddenly felt sick, with such awful ventral commotions as soon made me weary of existence. The boat rolled and tumbled about like a porpoise; even the crew abused her, and criticized her behaviour, declaring she was the "krankest craft" they had ever sailed in. At first their ominous talk horrified me; but, as I got more sick, I grew indifferent to fate, whatever it might be, and only wished for the end, come how it would.

Meanwhile, night came on, with clouds and darkness, before we had made the North Foreland. By this time the passengers were all prostrated, and the crew alone were in motion. How many hours we lay in this state I can only guess. By and by, however, somebody came and offered me brandy, and told me we were getting into smooth water. I drank the cordial, and managed to get on my feet. I found that the engine had stopped, that the vessel was nearly still, and that the captain, who had been deceived by a light on the French coast, did not exactly know where he was. As this information spread, everybody began to stir, and some hundred of us were gathered round the gangway, where he stood peering through his glass, when all at once—bump! crash! came a shock which pitched us all on the deck, and sent mortal terror to every heart. The steamer had struck, and the least we could look for was to go at once to the bottom. The cries, the confusion, the uproar, and the lamentation that ensued, I should in vain endeavour to describe; there were but three or four females on board, but their shrill shrieks haunted me for months afterwards. It was nearly dark as pitch, which made matters worse, and we had no gun to fire as a signal of distress. The captain called angrily for order, and bade us all to lie down—a command which was indifferently obeyed. He then sent the mate below for some rockets. These were brought up. I was holding fast by one of the ropes when the first was fired: owing to a partial lurch of the vessel as the light was applied, instead of going up into the air, it flew horizontally among the passengers, and all but carried away my left cheek, inflicting a burn which resulted in a frightful blister. The second succeeded better, and after several had gone up, we had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing lights moving about on the shore, which appeared to be at about a mile's distance. Guiding lights were now hung out from the vessel, and with breathless anticipation we waited for relief. Before long the sound of oars was heard, and soon there loomed into the dull red light a number of the smallest fishing-boats, manned by some of the most wretched scarecrows I ever beheld. Now arose a new difficulty. The fellows could not understand us, and did not seem disposed to come near enough to take us in.

"Is there any one here that can speak French?" bawled the captain.

No one answered at first. He repeated the demand; and at length a young girl volunteered to make the attempt.

The girl spoke as well as she could, but evidently was not understood; and there sat the

fellows, within an oar's length of us, grinning at us through the gloom, and refusing to come nearer.

"Try 'em again," said the captain.

This time the interpreter succeeded better, and obtained a reply, in which we could hear distinctly enough the word "guinea."

"They will take as many on shore as choose to go," she said, "at a guinea a-head."

I shall not record the captain's comment on this liberal offer; enough to say, that there were plenty ready to accept it, and that arrangements were speedily made for the debarkation. The females went first, and then the male passengers, to the number of a hundred and fifty, including myself. The poor fishers, though they had stipulated for a guinea a-head, it was very evident did not know a guinea when they saw it, and accepted readily a half-crown, or even less, in payment, and in their rough way were exceedingly kind and assiduous in preparing what accommodation they could for their unexpected guests. I slept out the rest of the night, in spite of my singed face, on a pile of dried seaweed in the lee of a hovel crammed with my fellow passengers, and was but too glad to find myself once more on dry land.

Waking in the morning soon after dawn, I found my wrecked companions all astir, and wondering what had become of the steamer, which had disappeared in the night, and of which not a vestige was to be seen. Some averred that she had gone to the bottom; but there was no relic of any kind drifted ashore, and all attempts to obtain information from the inhabitants of the miserable village were of no avail; probably they had none to give.

Having nothing to eat, we of course concluded that we were starving, and clamoured incessantly for food. Bread of a blackish hue, milk and eggs, coffee and fish, were set before us, with fresh demands for the guineas, which we satisfied with shillings. By the time that repast was ended, it is my belief we had devoured every edible morsel in the neighbourhood, whilst a round number of us remained hungry still.

About ten o'clock a priest, and two or three civil functionaries, made their appearance, one of whom spoke a little English. He informed us that the steamer had only run aground on a sand-bank, that the tide had floated her off before dawn, and that she was safe in Boulogne harbour, whither he would conduct us. We were then marshalled in procession, and marched for an hour and a half over sandy and rugged bye-ways and along the main road into Boulogne, where, after being identified by the captain—that ceremony being rendered necessary by the passport regulations—we were at liberty to enjoy ourselves as we best could for the next three days.

There was not much to be seen in Boulogne at that period. The town had not yet become the sanctuary and paradise of defaulting English traders and speculators. Its low, deep, muddy ditch of a harbour filled it with loathsome smells when the tide was out; and the men of the *douane*, who haunted every inch of the shore, to prevent the

inhabitants from stealing even a phialful of salt water out of the ocean, lest they should dry it into salt, and escape the *gabelle*, had no good-will towards the English, whom the memories of Waterloo yet made abominable in their sight. We felt ourselves unpleasantly watched and dogged, and had no compensating charms in the quality of our entertainment within doors. The good townspeople had not yet learned to recognise their true interests, and, in cheating us unconscionably, did it without those graceful blandishments which in after days made the process at least endurable.

When the time of our stay had expired, I parted from Boulogne without regret; but, like many of my companions, I did not return in the steamer, having no relish for a second experiment. A small sailing-boat took me over to Dover, and thence I proceeded to London on the Dover coach. The "krankest craft," however, got home safely, and, I believe, after shifting her machinery somewhat lower in her hold, acquired the character of a steady sailer, and ran on that route for many years.

If the above brief sketch should be thought to bear hard on the character of the French coast population, in respect to humanity, I cannot help it: I only put down the simple facts as they occurred. By way of apology for them, it may be suggested that they probably knew that we were in no immediate danger; that they only made a market of our fears, and would have acted very differently had we been in real peril of our lives.

## BERTHA; OR, SMILES AND TEARS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MARY HOWITT.

### CHAPTER IV.

BERTHA was about nine years old, when one evening, sitting quietly, as she sate every evening, at work by her mother's side, the door slowly and silently opened, without any preceding knock, and a man stood on the threshold in a shabby old-fashioned coat. The mother woke up out of her moody dream and looked at him. "Ferdinand!" she exclaimed, with a shrill voice, and would have rushed to him, but that she had nearly fallen. He caught her, and, bursting into an emotion of tears, she lay in the arms of her husband. Her weeping was heart-breaking to witness. Bertha never forgot it as long as she lived.

"Is that our child?" at length asked the father, taking her by the hand. He looked at her as if he thought there must be some mistake. She was formerly a very blooming, beautiful child; now she was meagre and pale. "Poor child!" sighed he, and clasped her in his arms. Bertha wept, and softly stroked her father's forehead; she hardly herself knew that this was done with an effort, for she had not forgotten those words at the school.

Every time of deep emotion, whether of joy or sorrow, might be an occasion of spiritual blessing. But instead of obtaining thence strength, most people feel themselves exhausted, and return as quickly as possible to every-day life for recreation. Thus might this painful reunion of the parents have been

the commencement of a new union, far holier and lovelier than their first.

Caroline never thought of separating herself from her husband. She removed with him to the larger town, in which he hoped to live unobserved and to obtain work; but she accompanied him from a kind of instinct, because she had no home of her own—not from the deep feeling of a love which is faithful unto death. They established themselves as unexpensively as possible in their new place of abode, and lived with the utmost parsimony on the scanty earnings of Sprösser and the needlework of mother and daughter.

A great and profound state of suffering can as little endure as one of intense joy; it must by little and little be changed, as it were, into small coin. It requires great strength to suppress suffering, but still greater to suppress the sense of guilt, and by God's help to overcome it. Sprösser had not this strength. In the House of Correction, among commoner and, as it appeared to him, more guilty persons than himself, it was comparatively easy to bear his fate with a dull indifference; but the return into society was more difficult. It might now have been the business of his wife to have thawed his heart with the warm breath of love, to have elevated him by showing esteem for him, to have founded for him a quiet home of peace, even though the whole world might be shut against him; and this should not have been so very difficult to her when she remembered her own share of blame. But it did not occur to Caroline to look for any share of blame in herself; she only regarded herself as a greatly to be pitied sacrifice to the faults of another, and considered it as an act of almost superhuman magnanimity that she did not reproach her husband. She thought herself, therefore, justified in giving way to temper and the most bitter state of feeling. Who could blame her, unfortunate young woman as she was? If her husband complained of burnt soup, she would reply, "I don't know, not I, where your delicacies are to come from!" If he wished to close the window in their cold room in winter, she would exclaim, "Oh yes, I must not hope to enjoy a breath of fresh air! But what is fresh air to me? it is for other people!"

It was an ungracious fidelity which kept her with him, and an unspeakable bitterness stole into the heart of the husband, though he might lack the courage, through conscious guilt, to reply to these outbreaks, which, after all, were not intended so much to wound him, as they were the expression of a thoughtless selfishness.

Bertha, with an innate feeling of the noble and the seemly, felt, without knowing it, the painfulness of all this discord. Spite of a secret repugnance towards the somewhat coarse manners of her father, still the child would willingly have been drawn towards him, had he not misunderstood her quiet disposition, and regarded her as rather simple in character. During his long imprisonment he had, in the folly of a worldly heart, built castle after castle by which he should again attain to outward prosperity. One of his sheet-anchors of hope appeared to him then his young daughter, in whom he, like many other fathers, fancied that he discerned a future beauty;

and he therefore determined to do the utmost for her education. She was to go into the world, make brilliant conquests, the most magnificent of which was to be secured, and, as a great lady, restore to her father wealth and honour. He now, on the contrary, came back to find a pale, unrepresentable girl, of weak health, and whose peculiar character would tend rather to conceal any talents she might possess, than make them availing for brilliant purposes. His castles in the air were demolished, and he turned away from the silent child with indifference. Besides which, he soon fell in with companions who suited him much better, and in whose society he spent every evening he could possibly spare.

His heart still became more obdurate, and his manners deteriorated daily. His wife saw again in this a fresh proof of the great truth of her stolid belief, that "it was no use, for all must happen," and gave herself up passively to her nameless misfortunes. It was in this melancholy atmosphere of life that Bertha was to develop. What a blessed time of childhood, what golden days of youth in which to blossom! The school was her happiness; it was, after all, a world into which the pestilential air of the paternal home did not penetrate, although here also, as in her earlier school, she was very solitary, and thousands of little thorns pierced her heart; and all the more in her higher class school, to which her father now sent her, than in the former more juvenile and lower school.

"To-morrow is my birthday," said one of the girls to her one day. "I am so glad; my mother is having cakes baked already, and perhaps Julius will give me a penholder! Do you have chocolate on your birthday, Bertha?"

"I don't know when my birthday is," returned she, with an unspeakable sign of pain, whilst the girls gazed at her with astonishment and pity.

"On Wednesday is St. Martin's Day, and we must then give the teacher a present," was said amongst the children, with earnest importance; "you must bring something with you towards it, Bertha!"

Bertha mentioned the subject timidly to her mother. "Go to your father," replied she curtly; "he should give us some of the money he brought home yesterday from the public-house; I have nothing."

"Go to your mother," exclaimed he in a rage, "and ask her to give you some of the money which she formerly lavished in confectionary and visiting, and there will be enough for six school-teachers' presents!"

The child did not ask again. Christmas came—the festival of joy; her mother gave her sixpence: "There, go and buy some gingerbread; I am ashamed of going into a shop, for I cannot give you anything, after all."

Bertha won to herself by degrees one friend, the daughter of a rich tradesman, who, after school hours, took her with her to her own home. It was here that she saw, for the first time, domestic life under the most favourable circumstances—kind eyes and amiable family relationships. She did not feel envy; but her heart seemed unspeakably sad when,

on her return home, she contrasted her own family life with what she had witnessed. The parents of her new friend interested themselves for her: the father made inquiries regarding Sprösser, who shortly afterwards received a letter from him, offering him, as he said, "for the sake of his family, employment in his counting-house, provided he would wholly disavow himself from his present associates, and give assurance of sincere amendment." The man of business spoke very decidedly, and to the point; but his candour so deeply offended Sprösser, that he forbade his daughter having any further intercourse with her friend. Bertha obeyed without opposition, and after that only saw Amelia at school, and later, on the occasion of their religious instruction. Something of her mother's unhappily passive spirit had now come over her: "It is no use, it must happen!" The time of religious instruction, preparatory to confirmation—a rite of the Lutheran Church—was the happiest she had enjoyed. It seemed to her as if an atmosphere of home gathered around her as she entered the clergyman's parlour, in which this instruction was given, and her mild, patient glance rested on the countenance of the minister. He was a well-meaning man; but he could not impart more than he himself possessed, and he did not possess the highest life. He knew how to awaken fine sentiment, and to call forth noble resolves; and thus succeeded in awakening in Bertha's heart a desire for virtue and faith: but when, at home, she endeavoured to carry out her resolutions, to fulfil her vows, alas! she found many difficulties. Nobody required her love; nobody seemed to wish for her help; nobody lovingly put her patience to the test. There was no storm, no cloud; the mother, in a state of stolid passivity, let the father have his own way, and his narrow means and total want of credit preserved him from running into further ruin. This domestic life was a swamp, over which brooded a grey fog. Bertha at length began to fear that, after all, Christianity itself, with its elevating doctrines, with its peace and its blessedness, was only fitted for those more happily circumstanced than herself.

So passed on one year after another. The spring-time of a young girl's life wore away, in Bertha's case, without a blossom, without joy, without change, except such as was afforded by the removal from one melancholy lodging to another. Nor did she ever feel any inclination to form an acquaintance with the fellow lodgers, which otherwise might have diversified the solitude of her young life. With a natural taste for neatness and general refinement, she shrunk from the dirty, disorderly households which prevailed throughout the low neighbourhoods in which they were always located.

The new dwelling into which they had last removed, and where we found them at the commencement of this little narrative, was a melancholy, tower-like building, in the middle of the town, and was accessible on all sides, only, as it were, by corners and gutters, by queer break-neck stairs and passages, as if all the inhabitants had at one time, like snails, each brought with him his own house,

and then piled them up, one upon another, without plan or order, into a tower. Could Bertha have given way to a lively imagination, she might have removed the roofs from the houses and made a sketch of the various life which moved around and below her; but her imagination had never been awakened or cultivated, and she saw, therefore, only the cats which slunk about, and the moss which grew on the damp tiles, and seldom, ah! very seldom, glanced up to the little streak of blue sky that might be seen on one side.

The proprietor of the house was a blacksmith, who was very rarely to be seen out of his forge. The domestic management was entirely in the powerful hands of the wife, whose voice seemed to be modulated to the iron sounds of the workshop; she was only heard and understood to the sound of the forge hammer. It was Bertha's office to make the small purchases for the family; the whole outdoor department was hers especially; therefore she it was who was brought into immediate contact with the stern mistress of the house. This powerful, loud-spoken woman saw very little to admire in the quiet melancholy demeanour of the young girl, whose naturally refined manners and reserve of character appeared to her only beggars' pride, particularly when contrasted with the style and manners of the father.

Of the other members of the family, Bertha knew little; a boy, however, the apprentice, as it seemed to be, she had frequently noticed as she met him from time to time on the stairs. His smutty countenance was on all occasions so remarkably sad, that it immediately attracted her attention, although she was by no means accustomed to cheerful looks. She one day, therefore, ventured to ask the mistress of the house about him.

"Oh, that is Robert, our apprentice; I wish I had never set eyes on the fellow. It is the last time that I will ever take a lad belonging to bettermost sort of people into my house. Doesn't he look as cross as the tongs? and if ever I ask him to fetch water, or to mind the children, he looks as black as the Egyptian darkness. They who cannot leave their pride behind them should keep their riches; that's what I say!" added she, with a significant glance at Bertha.

Bertha had sat down to her work to make sure of the last remains of daylight, when the shout of "A coach! a coach!" and the running together of the street boys below, drove even her mother to the window, which looked down into the street. And, sure enough, there she beheld a grand carriage suddenly drawn up; a servant, who alighted from the back seat, made his way up the dark intricate stairs, and then, having ascertained their door, knocked, and, being admitted, announced, in a most polite manner, that Miss Amelia Döring and Baron Von Stern wished to pay their respects. And before the astounded parents had time to observe that it must be a mistake, again the door opened, and Bertha's old schoolfellow Amelia, beaming with happiness and the bloom of youth, entered the dark room, leaning on the arm of a handsome man.

"I hope you did not think that I could forget

you?" asked she, naïvely, from the confounded Bertha. "No, I assure you, though I have never seen you since our confirmation, yet I never forgot you; only I never could find you, because you had left that part of the town. But now that we are making my betrothal visits, I said to Gustaf, 'We will go to see Bertha, who was the dearest of my schoolfellows;' and at last we have found you out. and Gustaf was so glad to come with me, for he will do anything to give me pleasure, and he is not at all proud."

So talked the unsuspecting Amelia, with the thoughtlessness of a heart which has never known sorrow, delighted with her own magnanimity in seeking out her poor friend. Ah! she little thought how the splendour of her youthful happiness tortured the heart which had never known joy, even as the light of the sun is painful to weak eyes.

The baron had more tact, or finer feeling, and he conversed in a tone of calm courtesy with the mother, who came forth, as it were, out of her hiding-place, and reproduced the remains of her school-learning in order that the grand visitors might see that, after all, the condescension was not so very great; whilst the father, with less sense of true breeding, spoiled his part by an excess of politeness. The room in which they were received was orderly and strictly clean, and its poverty did not cause any embarrassment to Bertha; neither did the blue silk dress, the flower-adorned bonnet, nor all the fairy-like appliances of Amelia's toilette, excite any feeling of envy in her breast; but the beaming smile in the eyes of the young couple, the tender solicitude with which the baron placed his arm round Amelia's waist to guard her up the intricate stairs, the whole atmosphere of happiness and joy which encircled them—all these together seemed to make the gloomy house doubly gloomy, when the brilliant vision had departed.

"I should like you to have been one of my bridesmaids, Bertha," Amelia had said; "only we are going to be married almost immediately, because we are going to Italy; and besides, my mother thought that it might not be so agreeable to you, because you would not know anybody there. But a remembrance of my wedding you must have, all the same as if you had been my bridesmaid."

The parcel which Amelia thus left behind her contained a handsome silk dress. Certainly it was a graceful and kind mode of conferring a benefit on the poor girl, and yet this costly present was painful to Bertha, who would have been much better pleased by a simple ring containing Amelia's hair. She was angry with herself for not accepting this token of kindness with more gratitude, as she felt her heart saddened by the bridal joy of her friend; and she was obliged to escape to her own little chamber, to avoid hearing the bitter remarks of her parents, because no such happiness was likely to occur in their house; and after all, she laid her head upon her pillow and wept—wept hot and agonized tears, and thought that if only for *once* in her life she could experience what good fortune or happiness was—only for one brief moment—she would more gladly die, or even be content to live as hitherto.